

19  
K. AMES' STORES.  
HARK TO THIS HINT  
S. K. AMES' STORES.  
LOWER PRICES ON BUTTER.  
OUR BEST  
VERMONT CREAMERY  
BUTTER 28 CENTS POUND.  
None Better Made.  
MES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,  
35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH.  
HER STORES:  
Boston Fitchburg Everett Gloucester Westfield  
Leominster Quincy Clinton Newburyport Woburn  
Attleboro Dover Nashua Northampton Taunton  
Portland New Bedford Springfield

HOUSE PAINTS!  
CARRIAGE PAINTS AND  
VARNISHES.  
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MARBLE WORKS,  
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF  
OLD AND GRANITE MONUMENTS AND TABLES  
All work set with foundation of stone and cement.  
First-class work and reasonable prices.  
JOHN H. DOWD,  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.  
We design and execute descriptions of monumental work in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.  
We solicit an interview on the subject.  
Thomas G. Lester  
Shop and Yard  
No. 2 Water Street.

THE PLACES  
OF RICH, RED FACE BRICKS  
be surpassed for beauty and comfort in the home. They are also inexpensive. We make a specialty of furnishing this class of bricks in all shades in lots from 50 bricks upwards. Bricks are carefully selected and in straw and small lots are shipped in barrels. We also manufacture  
LIONS OF FACE BRICKS, CHIMNEY, SEWER AND COMMON BRICKS.  
The public is cordially invited to visit the most modern brick-making plant world and see bricks made and handled by electrical machinery.  
THE BRICK CO., - - DOVER POINT N. H.

READY MIXED  
PAINT  
IF YOU HAVE ANY PAINTING TO DO WE HAVE THE  
PAINT THAT WILL SUIT YOU.  
Wilder & Cotton  
205 MARKET STREET.

NEW GOLF RECORD  
Made On Country Club  
Links Saturday.  
WILLIAM BENNETT MAKES  
EIGHTEEN HOLES IN 73.  
Best Previous Was 76, By Walter  
Clark, Professional.  
PERMANENT GREENS NOW OPEN FOR THE  
SEASON AND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

Young William Bennett broke both the professional and amateur golf records of the Country Club links on Saturday afternoon, pulling a seventy-three for the eighteen holes. The previous record was seventy-six, made by Walter Clark, professional. Bennett made the first round in thirty-five, which equals the record for nine holes, and the second round in thirty-eight. This record is especially noticeable because it was the first day of the season on the permanent green and the course is supposed to be several strokes harder since the bunkers and sand traps were put in. Young Bennett has all the indications of a promising player and if he keeps up his present form he will some day land among the top-notchers. The permanent greens were opened for play on Saturday and they are in excellent condition. In fact, they are as good as those of any of the older clubs. The horse lawn-mower will be run over the fair green this week; then the course will be in excellent condition. The club has purchased a single horse rollers, which will be used over the links. The work on the new tennis court will be started soon. When finished, it will be as good as can be made. The construction will be the same as on the Hotel Wentworth championship court.

WHILE LOOPING THE LOOP.  
Cyclist With the Forepaugh and Sells  
Brothers' Shows Fatally Hurt at  
St. Louis.

Homer Croutzen, a bicyclist connected with the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' circus, was fatally hurt by a fall on Saturday morning at St. Louis, while rehearsing the feat known as "looping the loop." Croutzen was engaged as an understudy for the cyclist who usually does the trick, and he had managed it successfully on several occasions, but had never done it in public. Several circus hands were watching him on Saturday morning, and they were horrified to see him fall when his wheel had gone about ten feet beyond the center of the top of the loop. Croutzen fell directly on his head and his skull was crushed in. He wore a heavily padded leather helmet, but it afforded him little protection from injury. He was taken to St. Mary's Infirmary, where the physicians declared he was in a serious condition. Croutzen is about thirty years old and makes his home in New York.

STRUCK BY BALL.  
High School Student Badly Injured  
In Game at Newburyport.

Andrew Pettingell, a member of the senior class of the Newburyport High school, had a narrow escape from serious accident on Saturday afternoon, in the game between Newburyport High and Portsmouth High, in the Massachusetts city. He was playing with Newburyport and was at the bat in the second inning, when a swiftly pitched inshoot went wild and struck him on the side of the head. He was dazed for a short time and then rallied sufficiently

to watch the game. Later he experienced nausea and becoming unconscious and on the advice of a physician he was removed to the Anna Jacques hospital in the ambulance. It was feared for quite a while that Pettingell's injury might be fatal, on account of the concussion, but on Sunday he was reported as more comfortable.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR HIM.  
Nathaniel H. Lear Nearly Killed By  
a Runaway Horse.

Nathaniel H. Lear, a well known carpenter, ought to thank his lucky stars for the very narrow escape he had from being killed, on Saturday afternoon. Shortly before five o'clock, when the streets abounded with team and the sidewalks teemed with people, a horse with the front wheels of a cart rattling at his heels came down Congress street and up over Market square on the gallop. Just shaving two carriages in front of the North church, the runaway swerved around the fountain toward Market street. Some man threw up his hands and the horse turned abruptly into "Daniel street." Right at the crossing was Mr. Lear, on his bicycle. The runaway outfit went into him with a crash that brought a crowd to the scene. So terrific was the collision that the horse was knocked from his feet and before he could scramble up, he was seized and subdued. For a minute or two, man and wheel were mixed up with the horse and it looked to the spectators as if Mr. Lear must have been fatally hurt, if not killed. Upon being helped to his feet, however, he walked into Grace's pharmacy, where he was given superficial treatment for his bruises and the shock he had received. Then he went home without assistance. The bicycle, it is perhaps needless to add, is a wreck.

VIOLATION OF POSTAL LAW.  
Charge On Which Lewis Clark Will  
Be Given a Hearing in This City

Deputy United States Marshal E. Percy Stoddard went to Lebanon last Friday night and assisted by Deputy Sheriff George H. Stearns, arrested Lewis H. Clark. The warrant charged him with a violation of the United States postal law, by making threats on a postal card. Clark was locked up for the night and taken to Concord on Saturday morning. He will be given a hearing in the circuit court in this city tomorrow (Tuesday).

CIRCUIT COURT TOMORROW.  
Both Grand and Petit Jurors Will Be  
In Attendance.

The United States circuit court convenes in the government court rooms tomorrow (Tuesday) morning. Judge Putnam will be on the bench. He will leave here tomorrow evening, and Judge Hale of Portland, will finish out the session. A grand and a petit jury will be present, and several criminal cases will be heard. The civil docket will be called and if any trials are held it will be later in the month. Court will probably be in session here three or four days.

RECEIVES AN INVITATION.  
Congressman Sulloway is in receipt of an invitation to attend the 100th anniversary of the admission of the state of Ohio into the Union. The celebration will take place at Chillicothe, May 20 and 21. Among the speakers will be Governor Nash, former Speaker J. Warren Keifer, Hon. Murat Halstead, Hon. John B. Foraker, Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor and Hon. Marcus A. Hanna.

FIELD DAY ON JUNE 24.

Newburyport commandery, Haverhill commandery, Lawrence commandery and Lowell commandery, Knights Templar, will hold a field day June 24 at Hampton Beach. The Massachusetts organizations will arrive in Newburyport in the morning and will be received by the local commandery, and after a short parade will take cars for the beach.

Advertise in The Herald.

GOSSIPY BITS.  
Chit-Chat That Is In The  
May Air.  
VARIOUS THINGS OF AN INTERESTING NATURE.  
Spring Sidelines On Matters Local  
And Otherwise.  
MANY MATTERS THAT ARE BOTH TIMELY  
AND TRITE TODAY.

It is in the air  
That water cress is in the market—  
That the no-license campaign has opened—  
That work on the shore boulevard is rushing—  
That church attendance was rather light on Sunday—  
That Sunday was a very uneventful day with the police—  
That the ice man isn't having his innings very much yet—  
That this is a very uneasy time with the saloon keepers—  
That this hasn't been a very fast season for local bowlers—  
That the weather is still playing pranks with the prophets—  
That the little flurry in the fire department seems to be over.  
That the temperature is still several miles from a straw hat—  
That touring automobiles have begun to pass through this city—  
That many new summer houses are going up in this vicinity—  
That Landlord Cotton will vacate the Kearsarge about May 20—  
That the season at Music hall will close about the first of June—  
That the San Toy company closed the season last Saturday night—  
That the weather man has been doing the street sprinkling today—  
That the roof and eaves gutters of the shoe factory are being repaired—  
That local theatregoers have not yet done talking about Robert Edeson—  
That The Herald is the local paper for everybody in Portsmouth to read—  
That the law prohibiting spitting on sidewalks is already having good effect—  
That it really looks like a fast baseball team for Portsmouth this season—  
That the Ethel Dyffryn company got in Sunday afternoon, from Lewiston, Me—  
That a change in running time went into effect on the P. K. and Y. Sunday—  
That the old Y. M. C. A. building attracts much attention from all passers-by—  
That when the dock is finished, we shall see the big battleships of the navy here—  
That Company B would have liked to take part in those war maneuvers at Portland—  
That Portsmouth is now well supplied with hotels, but there is another coming—  
That some people are wondering what the old High school building will be used for—  
That there are a number of fine attractions coming to Music hall before the season closes—  
That the loungers along Congress street were kept moving by the police on Sunday evening—  
That there were quite a number of visitors at the Portsmouth Athletic club's new home on Sunday—  
That the only drawback to such a team is the lack of a short stop who knows how to play the position—  
That a large amount of the machinery for the plant of the White Mountain Paper company has been

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
For colds, coughs, bronchitis. We have been saying this for 60 years.  
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

at Freeman's Point for a number of weeks—  
That the Exeter cars continue to be well patronized—  
That this term of superior court is proving an important one—  
That the Master Builders show little indication of giving in—  
That the owners of dogs are shelling out to the "dog" man—  
That the carpenters' strike is a very quiet and well conducted movement—  
That householders are uncertain whether to fill their coal bins or wait longer—  
That the Maplewood Athletic club will probably have no baseball team this year—  
That additions are being made frequently to the building fund of the Methodist church—  
That two young street singers took in considerable money about town on Saturday evening—  
That it saddens the horsemen to see the Maplewood Farm string of fast ones dispersed—  
That Portsmouth baseball cranks are delighted with the pace that the Dartmouth team is keeping up—  
That a good picture of Harry Mowse's pool room appeared in a recent issue of "Billiards and Pool"—  
That the company at Music hall this week is the last repertoire aggregation to appear here this season—  
That George A. Trafton observed Arbor day by setting out six trees in front of his residence on Myrtle avenue—  
That the registrars of voters will hold their last session, prior to the special election, tomorrow (Tuesday) evening—  
That the golfers' season is here—  
That the walks in Goodwin park have received a fresh top dressing of gravel—  
That many of the stone cutters who have been working on the new dry dock have gone away, some to Waldoboro, Me—  
That Joy and Philbrick's orchestra won warm praise by their playing at the annual May ball of William A. Frye Co., No. 5, U. R. K. P., of Newmarket, last Friday night.

CONSIDERING THE QUESTION.  
Voters here are quietly but deliberately considering the question of license or no-license, to be voted upon one week from tomorrow. Those opposed to the city voting "yes" are using every available means in their power to influence votes, but a well-posted resident told a reporter for The Herald today that Portsmouth would vote for license, and that the majority would be enough and to spare.

Portsmouth, from a conservative point of view, means to test the new law, and if the city votes "yes" the law will be enforced. If the city votes "no" the officers will then take a hand, and the obtaining of a glass of foaming beer, a nipper of whiskey or a soothing draught of wine will be a luxury.

IN THEIR TOURING AUTOMOBILES.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker W. Whittemore, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Spring, Miss Marie Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sylvester and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Whittemore, all of Boston, arrived in this city on Saturday evening in three touring automobiles. They remained at the Rockingham until Sunday afternoon, when they started for Boston, going by way of the shore boulevard and Hampton River bridge.

THEY COULDN'T HIT HIM.

A Newburyport nine went to Lynn on Saturday and were walloped, 16 to 0, by the Lynns. They "could do nothing with Smith, the local pitcher," said the despatches, and no wonder. "Smith" was none other than Ed Newick, Portsmouth's crack twirler, and he mowed them down as fast as they could come up. Ira also contributed a base hit.

MARIANA ON TRIAL.  
Superior Court Took Up His Case  
On Saturday Afternoon.

On Saturday, Judge Charles F. Stone left for his home in Laconia, and Judge John E. Young of Exeter presided over the superior court. It was a criminal session. Robert Driscoll paid \$30.61 for keeping malt liquor for sale at East Kingston; Peter Sulowski of Exeter paid \$19.88 for keeping a disorderly house and was given a suspended sentence of six months in jail. Henry Eno of Exeter settled a malt liquor case. The remainder of the forenoon was taken up in hearing evidence in the case of the state vs. Henry Hoyt of Derry. Last Monday Hoyt pleaded not guilty to breaking and entering on four counts. On Saturday it was decided to try him on only two. For breaking and entering the house of Mrs. Sadie K. Pettengill in the day time, and the larceny of articles valued at \$28.50, he was sentenced by Judge Young to not less than three and not more than four years in state prison. For breaking and entering the blacksmith shop of Warren D. Clark in the night time, and the larceny of articles valued at \$125, he was sentenced to not less than four years and not more than five years in the same institution. Hoyt committed the crimes on Oct. 19 and 20, 1902. He has been in the Portsmouth jail for about five months. This was the first criminal case of the session tried by jury.

In the afternoon Gaetano Mariana was tried for assault, with attempt to murder George St. John of Portsmouth. He was unable to speak a word of English and so an interpreter was necessary. A number of witnesses were heard and the case finally continued until this week.

All the jurymen except those who sat on the Mariana case were discharged until this Monday morning. A large amount of business yet remains to be done at this session of the court. Judge Stone goes to Plymouth on Tuesday, but Judge Young will be here every day but one. The following week he goes to Manchester and an attempt will then be made to secure another judge.

OUTLOOK AT YORK HARBOR.

The owners of cottages at York Harbor report an excellent prospect for a lively season. About all of the cottages are taken and the bookings for the hotels are very large. The work of preparing the York Country club for the season will be started soon and everything will be in readiness by the first of June.

CALLS FOR A DRY MONTH.

The Indian could hang two or three powder horns on this new moon and there wouldn't any of them fall off. It is an excellent opportunity to watch the traditional effect on the weather, and that calls for a dry month.

A FULL DRESS PARTY.

The Coquina club will give a full dress party in Pelce hall on the evening of May twelfth.

When in Exeter  
TRY A  
SQUAMSCOTT  
HOUSE.  
N. S. WILBY, PROPRIETOR  
EXETER, N.







## THE PRINCIPLE OF REST.

A Few Practical Hints for Americans Should Consider.

The principle of rest is the principle of relaxation, a temporary cessation of suspension of energy from any part or from all of the body. Absolute rest implies the complete "letting go" of all tension, mental, nervous and physical. All are involved to some extent in every act of our daily life, nor can they be completely separated.

Let us see what will happen if we place the body in a reclining position so comfortably arranged that absolute physical repose would seem inevitable. Then let the mind take hold of some problem and concentrate on it until all the mental energy is aroused. This energy is unconsciously communicated to the nervous system, and soon the entire physical life is in a highly tensed condition. For people realize this until their attention is called to it. They think they must be resting when the body is inactive. It is not necessary that the body be exercising in order to be tense. A set of muscles may be nervously tense and yet be apparently motionless. This difference between a tense muscle and a muscle entirely relaxed is what I want you to thoroughly understand, for this tense condition brought on by mental and nervous strain and often held without relaxation for hours produces greater fatigue than many forms of exercise that are more physical in execution.

Remember always that the mind is the great controlling power, and it is only when the mind becomes as nearly as possible a perfect blank that the body can rest satisfactorily. If the body would rest, the mind must rest also. In other words, "think rest," "let go" of everything mental and relax completely.—Rosa Edson-Helms in *Pilgrim*.

## LEAPING POWERS OF DEER.

Fence Seven Feet High Cleared by a Jump Up a Steep Hill.

I was sitting with the stalker among the rocks on the top of the high ridge which divides the forest of Glen Quoich from Cluny. We were quietly eating our lunch when we saw three stags coming toward the march fence a few hundred yards below us. They were not alarmed, but, as the stalker said, "moving to themselves."

The first two, without increasing their pace, jumped clean over the high deer fence. The third struck the top wire and was thrown head over heels backward. He went away a few yards, took a run, cleared it easily and joined his comrades.

Now, a story about Japanese deer. Several of them got out of a deer park on a mountain and into a large wood adjoining. We noticed them with a train of oaks into a walled paddock off the deer park, having left a gap in the four inch wire setting of the deer fence at the edge of the wood.

When they were safely in, a man went round and closed the gap, and we opened the large gate into the deer park, thinking we could easily move them in. Not a bit of it. Directly the beaters began they charged them and jumped the wire paling back into the wood again.

This paling is seven feet high and is on very steeply sloping ground. They had to jump up hill, and it seemed to me so utterly incredible that any animal could jump such a height that I went to look at the place, and there sure enough the keeper showed me the hairs of the deer on the top wire where they struck it going over, and the men said they saw one deer tumble down on landing at the other side.—Country Life.

## London's Crossings.

You can cross the three most dangerous streets in Manchester on an average 8,000 times in safety, but the three thousand and first time you will be run over. If you are not, somebody else will be in your place, for the average year never fails by more than a point or two either there or in London. But in London you can only pass the crossing at Blackfriars bridge, which is the most dangerous spot in the city, 500 times. You may be the lucky person who escapes by chance, but somebody is certain to suffer to keep the average up, counting the accidents over a space of five years up to date. Next comes the Mansion House crossing, with a 700 to one chance.—London Answers.

## A Hero's Tribute.

Lincoln said of Washington: Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible; let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

## Know All About It.

Teacher—What is the meaning of "parvenu?" Johnny—An upstart. Teacher—Give a sentence in which the word is used. Johnny—When a man sits down on a bent pin, he gives a violent parvenu.—Chicago Tribune.

## Prescient That.

Bragg—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now. Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

## Jenny's.

Well—He isn't very handsome, but his face lights up well. Belle—Is he so lantern jawed as all that?—Philadelphia Record.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

Their Life Is an Exciting One and Carries Many Responsibilities.

American visitors in Paris, Berlin or Vienna often wonder how and where foreign correspondents do their work. The truth is a large part of their work is done at these very social gatherings where you have met them. Important news is usually there obtainable only. Statesmen and diplomats, generals and admirals, leaders of thought and action, the foremost men of business and the indefatigable promoters of great new ventures—all the men and women, in fact, who make the news and who are the fountain head of it—the correspondents will meet there. It depends on his individual exertions and on his tact and gift of persuasion what use he makes of his opportunities. Being treated as a social equal, it devolves on the correspondent to reciprocate favors shown, not in quantity perhaps, but at least in quality. The leading correspondents must have homes of comfort and must throw them open to the official and unofficial world at stated intervals, say three or four times per season. Their private fortunes or their incomes must be large enough to admit that. Their annual expenditures cannot be less than \$5,000 and may exceed \$15,000. The London Times, for instance, pays its correspondents on a liberal scale, salaries of \$5,000 to \$10,000 being the rule. Yet the majority of them find it necessary to make up regular deficiencies in their exchequer out of their own private funds.

The life of the American correspondent on the continent of Europe is a life interesting and fascinating enough in its way, and it broadens the mental horizon as perhaps no other occupation does. But it is a nerve destroying life, a life in which there is scarcely a minute he can call his very own. Every day in the year it spurs its slave on to utmost exertion. It barely pays expenses, and it necessitates constant outlays in time and money which cannot be put down in the expense account and which are a drain on health and purse alike. Even under the most favorable circumstances the game is hardly worth the candle. To go to bed at 2 or 3, tagged out with never ending excitement and told to be waked out of a sound sleep an hour later by a ring at the telephone or by impromptu cable inquiries from the home office; to dress hurriedly, take a cab to the nearest telegraph office and there wire a hastily replied to return and seek a few hours of fitful sleep and rise morning after morning unfreshed, with never repose for body and soul—all this is neither conducive to longevity nor to a quiet and contented mind.—World's Work.

## Some Visual Measurements.

"When I watch a new building going up day by day from foundation to flagstaff," said the city salesman, "I get so muddled by the time it is completed that I cannot tell for the life of me whether it is fifty feet wide or 500 feet. So far as mere visual measurements go, the same varies so much in the course of construction that confusion is unavoidable. When the excavation for the foundation is in order, the hole in the ground seems so enormous that I could take oath it covers a ten acre lot. After the steel framework goes up the building shrinks amazingly, and I say to myself: 'Well, that isn't going to be such a big affair after all. How could my eyes have deceived me so when looking at the excavation?' But when the walls are finished and the windows in and the decorations all stuck in place the whole building swells out again prodigiously."—New York Times.

## Some Foreign Coins.

The franc was formerly called *livre* (pound), though the connection with any special weight is not evident. The name of the German coin, mark, meaning a weight of eight ounces, was formerly in general use in Europe. The name of the Italian coin that corresponds with the franc (*lira*) also means pound. The coins in present use in Spain have their names from other sources.

The five peseta piece, which corresponds with the American dollar, is called *escudo* (shield). "Peseta," the name of the small coin representing the monetary standard, means simply "little piece." "Ruble" is from the word meaning "to cut," and was so called because originally the coin was made with an ornamental edge.

## Highest Cross in the World.

The highest cross in the world is said to be that which caps the loftiest peak of the Hartz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator, of which the people avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

## The Language of the Turk.

"Couldn't you get your money down on that race?"

"No."

"What was the trouble?"

"I pronounced the name of the horse correctly and the bookmaker couldn't understand me."—Washington Star.

## Pretty Decent Husband.

"But you say her marriage to young Higginbotham turned out better than was expected?"

"Much better. He hadn't spent more than half her money when they separated."—Brooklyn Life.

## The Artist's Aim.

Friend—But—er—what's the idea of the work? You don't quite grasp it.

Artist—The idea is to sell it.—Chicago News.

## WHEN THE SEAL OWNS.

Suggests That Would Put the Human Performer to Shame.

The keeper who was going to feed the seal had reached the edge of the tank and was holding the fish tantalizingly at arm's length over the water. Round and round the tank he darted, dipping, sidestepping, keeping out of the water and performing all sorts of aquatic stunts, all the while keeping up his guttural yelpings. There was no question about his appetite. He was hungry and didn't much care who knew it, and his beady little eyes were all intent on the keeper's every move.

"Why don't you throw him a fish?" demanded a boy spectator, growing impatient at the keeper's leisurely actions.

"All right, my boy; here goes!" And, suiting the action to the word, up into the air went one of the fishes, dropping toward the center of the oval.

The seal at the time was at the extreme end of the tank, considerably beneath the surface, but even there he must have been on the alert, for hardly had the fish left the keeper's hand when, with a lightninglike somersault, a shadowy streak through the tank, and quicker even than thought the seal's gaping, whistled jaws and a length of his eely-looking neck were protruding from the water immediately under the tibia, which disappeared into his willing maw to the accompaniment of an intensely appreciative smack.

It was all so quick and well calculated that the auditors stood amazed.

Without even the suspicion of a mole the performance was repeated as rapidly as the keeper could toss the fish.

But the fun, fast and furious while it lasted, is soon over with, and the seal, after he had his fill, immediately lost all interest in his surroundings and waddled out on to his platform and curled up for an afternoon snooze.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea First Conceived by Johann Comenius.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toll on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentleman teacher, but of a bewigged and belted university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good Herr Doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it the "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude woodcuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him.

As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.—Household.

## Spurzheim and the Students.

Spurzheim, the father of modern phrenology, while staying in Edinburgh, where he had a great vogue, was the victim of a laughable hoax. A number of medical students submitted for the opinion of the phrenologist to the plaster cast of what they said was a remarkably formed human skull. As a matter of fact it was the model of a big Swedish turnip (called in the Scottish tongue "nelp"), and of this Spurzheim gravely wrote out the phrenological character. A few days later the following skit appeared in the leading journal of the city:

The life of fame to Spurzheim's name Rolled o'er the German deep: The tide was spring; but, fickle thing, It now had ebb'd to "nelp."

## Why the Editor Skipped.

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.—Fourth Estate.

## Not Worth the Trouble.

"You write your first name very well indeed, Miss Pinkie," criticized the writing teacher, "but you make a sad botch of the Johnson part of it."

"What is the difference, Mr. Spencer?" asked the pretty girl. "I expect to change the Johnson part of it some day."—Chicago Tribune.

## Great Institution.

Lady—Education is a great thing. Sandy—Indeed it is, mum. How could I ever know what day had for free lunch if I didn't know how to read?—St. Louis Republic.

## A cruel story runs on wheels,

and every hand clips the wheels as they run.—Ellet.

## Outdoor musical performances are

not permitted in St. Petersburg.

## A SAILOR'S MASCOTS.

Miscellaneous Collection That He Takes From the Shore.

Jack Tar is notoriously improvident, and most of our naval seamen when they get ashore spend their money, be it more or less, with a lavish hand. Shore leave is limited to twenty-four hours, but in that brief time the unrestrained sailor manages to run through about all the cash he carries with him. He plunges into a whirl of dissipation and is oftentimes cheated or robbed of a good share of his ready assets, but a percentage of the latter is also apt to go for anything that happens to strike his almost childish fancy. Mascots are the seafarer's delight, and whatever he may come across which seems to him to have a talismanic property he is bound to buy it if he can; hence when the "piper jumpers," as those on shore leave are technically called, return in well filled barges to the ship and under direction of the master at arms climb up to the deck they are likely to bring with them a miscellaneous collection of goats, dogs, parrots, monkeys, roosters, etc. One sailor on the Kearsarge, either in or out of his senses at the time, went so far as to purchase as a mascot a colored baby from his mother for the sum of 40 cents and came aboard with it in his arms. He was not allowed to retain it, however, and the child was eventually restored to its repentant and hysterical parent.

How many of the mascots may be kept on board lies within the discretion of the captain. A liberal policy is pursued in this matter. But manifestly there is a limit to the number of those that can be accommodated. The surplus is sent ashore without delay. When the returned "piper jumpers" are lined up while the ship's writer calls the roll to discover the laggards, it is one of the most perplexing duties of the officer of the deck to decide what dumb creatures may or may not be added to the vessel's menagerie. If the vessel is on her way homeward from the tropics, she usually carries a large variety of living presents for the home friends of the sailors. But these are only temporary tenants of the hold and would not be permitted to remain on board long.—Leslie's Weekly.

## FACTS ABOUT FOLKS.

In estimation of measurement men are more accurate than women.

Moral action in child life is more a matter of imitation than intellect.

Dull children are the most unprly, and unruly children are the dullest.

Sweet is tasted best on the tip of the tongue, sour on the edge and bitter at the base.

Mental images themselves constitute the motive, the springs of action for all we do.

Girls show less interest in material things than boys and admire the aesthetic more.

Those who have endured the most hardship in life are usually the least sensitive to pain.

Blushing comes from shyness and fear, is unnatural and morbid and is greater in women than in men.

Rapid readers do their work better, as well as in less time, and retain more of the substance of what is read than slow readers.

## Watch Your Shoulders.

When standing before a looking glass, notice if your shoulders are the same height. Generally the right is higher than the left. The reason for this unevenness lies in the way one sits. You get into a comfortable chair at your desk, and at once you rest your right elbow on the arm of your chair or your desk, thus throwing one shoulder higher than the other. This is especially the case where one writes a great deal. When you notice that one shoulder is higher than the other, the thing to do is to change your way of sitting at your desk. Two simple exercises will be beneficial. The arm of the lower shoulder should be extended upward, the hand grasping a dumbbell. That of the higher shoulder should be lowered and made to support a heavy weight.

## English Brass.

The composition of English brass is about seventy parts of copper and thirty of zinc. "Prince Rupert's metal" contains 75 to 80 per cent of copper and on account of its golden color is employed to some extent in jewelry.

The kind of brass called tombac contains still more copper, nearly eighty-five parts in a hundred. It is the alloy used for the manufacture of what is called Dutch metal, an imitation of gold leaf. It can be rolled into sheets, and these can be beaten out till they are only fifty-three thousandths of an inch in thickness.—Chambers' Journal.

## Two Sides to It.

Wife—It's hateful of you not to give me the bonnet I want. Ah, me! If you only knew how much I have to put up with!

Husband—Huh! If you only knew how little I have to put up with, you wouldn't ask me to put up with a bonnet.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Verifier.

Scribbler—Would you call yourself a poet or simply a verifier?

Scribbler—Well, when the editor lights his pipe with my stuff it's a case of verse afore.—Philadelphia Record.

## Runs Itself.

"Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; married it."—London Tit-Bits.

Mosquitoes are so numerous near the coast of Borneo that the streams of that region are in summer often un-navigable.

## WEBSTER'S LIQUOR SET.

It is Now in the Possession of George Fred Williams.

The Boston Sunday Globe of May 3 contained short illustrated articles on Daniel Webster's liquor set, and his favorite arm chair, which for a number of years has occupied a corner in the law office of George Fred Williams in Boston.

Mr. Williams settled the estate of Fletcher Webster. Mrs. Fletcher Webster was so pleased with the manner in which the young attorney discharged his duties that she gave him the favorite chair of the great expounder of the constitution.

She also presented him Gilbert Stuart's famous oil painting of Daniel Webster. The picture hangs in Mr. Williams' home in Dedham.

Naturally, Mr. Williams prizes both chair and picture highly. Daniel Webster's liquor set and the original case in which the distinguished statesman carried it on many notable journeys, are in the possession of a Rockland lawyer, S. T. Kimball.

Mr. Kimball is a connoisseur and values the relic so highly that he promptly refused an offer of \$250 for it, although the money was counted out and laid upon the case when the offer was made.

At Webster's death the liquor set became the property of his son, Colonel Fletcher Webster, who was prevailed upon some years later to dispose of it to John Miller, a wholesale liquor dealer, whose place of business was on Essex street, Boston. Twenty-eight years later Mr. Miller presented it to a relative, Job Greehaigh, a well known business man of Boston, in whose possession it remained until about a year ago, when it was bought by Mr. Kimball.

The case is 16 1/2 inches long and 10 1/4 inches broad. The cover is 3 3/4 inches deep and the lower part of the box is 6 1/2 inches deep. Externally its appearance is very plain. It is bound with wrought iron straps, which are fastened with hand-made nails. The handles are good samples of the old-time blacksmith work. The lining was originally red velvet, but the greater portion is naturally somewhat faded by age. The case is apparently made of oak, and has not been oiled or varnished for more than thirty years.

The case contains six quart and six pint decanters, decorated with gold, and in perfect condition save two, which have broken noses. The tray contains two tumblers, two goblets and a measuring glass.

The authenticity of the liquor set is well established, and its present whereabouts have been known for some time by a prominent historical society, with no intimation from Mr. Kimball.

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## CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: April 3, 7, 10, 13, 21, 24, 28, and May 1 and 5, at the following hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 730 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the special election to be held May 12, 1903.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, May 12, 1903, from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

## HERBERT B. DOW.

Chairman.

ALBERT H. ENTWISTLE, Clerk.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The American girl is the most competent girl in the world. She can do more work, and do it better, than any other girl upon the shores of the Seven Seas. She can play, too, as heartily as she works. She is beautiful, well dressed, well cared for, and she is a creature of superb health. Given a house, she can make it neat, comfortable, even beautiful; and when she loves enough she makes a home that is a home out of her house.—May Woman's Home Companion.

## AGAIN TAKES MANAGEMENT.

Henry E. Putnam of Malden, Mass who married Miss Paine, a daughter of our city, and who so ably conducted the Ocean Wave house at Fox Beach last season, will again take the management for the coming summer. This will be good news to the tourists.

## PORTSMOUTH Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.  
Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 7:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7:50 a. m., 8:50 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:45 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:45 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.  
Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:05 a. m. 9:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 7:10 a. m., 7:30 a. m. and 10:40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9:10 p. m. and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.  
Up Middle street and up Ilington street—Leave Market Square at 7:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at 10:35 and 11:05.

Christian Shore Loop.  
Up Ilington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at 7:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at 10:35 and 11:05.

\*Omitted Sundays.  
\*Omitted holidays.  
[Saturdays only.]

D. J. FLANDERS,  
Gen'l Pass and Ticket Agent.  
WINSLOW T. PERKINS,  
Superintendent.

## PORTSMOUTH KITTERY AND YORK STREET RAILWAY

### WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Nov. 5, 1902.

To Portsmouth—From York Beach.  
7:45, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 11:15, 12:45, 2:15, 3:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45.

To York Beach—From Portsmouth.  
First car through to York Beach leaves at 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30, 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00.

Mail and express car, week days—Leaves York Beach for Portsmouth at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Leave Portsmouth for York at 10:55 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

\*Cancelled Sunday.

Notice—The ferry leaves Portsmouth 5 minutes before the even hour and half hour.

For special and extra cars address W. G. MELOON, Gen. Man.

## Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co.

Leaves Greenacres, Eliot—6:10, 6:45, 7:15, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p. m.  
Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacres 8:10 a. m.

\*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.

\*\*Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.

\*\*\*To Kittery and Kittery Point only.

Runs to Staples' store only.

Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 6 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacres 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co.'s, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

## U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

### TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until April 1.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:10, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.

\*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GEORGE F. F. WILDE,

Captain, U. S. N., Capt. the Yard.

Approved: J. J. READ,

Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant.

## Gray & Prime.

## OTTO COKE



# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

Established Sept. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.  
Terms \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance. Single copies 2 cents.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.  
Communications should be addressed to  
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.  
Portsmouth, N. H.

Telephone 37-2.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. It has local news that all other local papers combined. Try it.

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1903.

### A DOUBLE BENEFIT.

A correspondent of The Herald in a letter published Saturday evening recalls a half forgotten bit of municipal history and brings back to mind a promise made to a former board of aldermen. Long ago the general manager of the Boston and Maine railroad assured the Portsmouth city government that if certain requests of his company were granted the gloomy and inconvenient railroad station here would be demolished and a new one erected in its place.

Years have passed since then and the old station still stands. Moreover, the railroad company has expressed no intention of replacing it with one more in keeping with the city's importance. As our correspondent points out, other towns, some of them very insignificant, have new and handsome stations, but Portsmouth has to worry along with its old one.

It is hard to understand why the Boston and Maine has permitted the unsightly and cheerless building which serves as a railroad station here to remain standing as long as it has. It seems as if the interests of the company would demand better facilities than those now provided for the transaction of its Portsmouth business. The traffic which passes through Portsmouth and the immense amount of freight handled here make this city one of the most important stations on the Boston and Maine system and a station building such as we have now is hardly such as the conditions require. As a mere matter of business policy, it would seem to be advisable to provide a new one.

Aside from this, the railroad company owes it to Portsmouth to build a new station at once. We have waited long and patiently and patience should now receive its reward. A stranger, visiting this city for the first time, receives an unfavorable impression the moment he alights from the train and it often takes a long time for this impression to wear away. The Boston and Maine would benefit both Portsmouth and itself by expending some of its surplus earnings in remedying this evil.

### PENCIL POINTS.

Five years ago there was a Spanish navy.

Mr. Baer seems to think that he controls the world as well as the coal mines.

One of the worst features of being president is the necessity of kissing babies.

It's pretty evident that Uncle Sam got a bargain when he bought the Louisiana territory.

Missouri has now another claim to fame besides the possession of the boogie championship.

Many a man will feel a personal loss in the death of Paul Du Chailly. We all remember the hours of pleasure given us when we were boys by

"My Apingi Kingdom" and "Stories of the Gorilla County."

Gen. Miles was never accused of an unwise exhibition of clemency in his dealings with the Sioux.

Having blamed the Mafia for the barrel murder, the members of the New York police force evidently consider their duty done.

The Boston anti-imperialists never lose an opportunity to call public attention to their imbecility.

England's notes to Russia are just a little less caustic than those which she addressed to Venezuela.

Prohibiting gambling at Saratoga is about equivalent to prohibiting the existence of that famous resort.

When the baseball season gets a little further advanced, we won't have any time to bother with war rumors.

Russia is perfectly willing to promise anything, but she has shown no unseemly haste in evacuating Manchuria.

The trusts and their supporters are getting some hard knocks these days, but up to date the combines have managed to survive.

Mrs. Thaw is so sensitive on the subject of her noble son-in-law that one might almost be led to believe that she is a little ashamed of him.

Mayor Collins of Boston isn't independent enough to openly defy the party bosses, when the bosses think that their interests are really threatened.

If our statesmen could keep themselves from getting twisted in their remarks, their statements would be "distorted" in the press, less frequently.

Perhaps some of the American maidens who marry foreign noblemen are merely seizing the last opportunity. It's just possible that nobody else will have them.

With foreign made sails and a foreign crew, the Reliance can hardly be called an American boat. What's the matter with Yankee sail makers and Yankee sailors, anyway?

### THE "MAD MULDAH" AGAIN.

Although the despatches did not use the name of the "Mad Muldah" in connection with the annihilation of Captain Plunkett's column in British Somaliland, the other day, the annihilators were followers of the new desert prophet and, from all accounts, and this report in particular, his "holy war" is a serious thing to British sovereignty in northeast Africa. It is said the followers of the fanatic Mohammedan leader now number 15,000 armed men, most of them seasoned warriors.

The military tragedy enacted under the equatorial sun of Africa recalls Kipling's "fuzzy-wuzzy" stories and the death of the son of the Empress Eugenie in Zululand, years ago. The expedition under command of Colonel Cobbe, composed mainly of native troops and Sikhs, supported by two Maxim's, was slowly making its way over the desert waste toward the little known interior, whether the Muldah was said to have fled. Suddenly a dense cloud of dust rose high on the horizon. It was no desert whirlwind, but a horde of mounted Bedouins sweeping down upon the

### "GREEN SICKNESS"

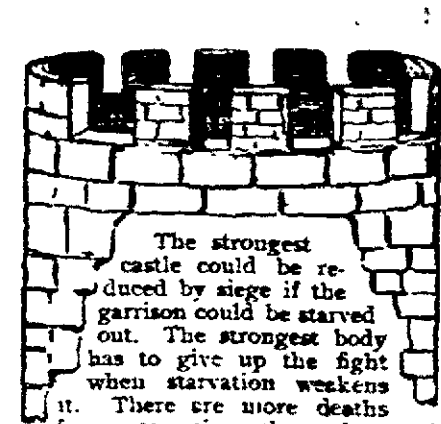
The unhealthy complexion of green sickness is changed to the rosy blush of good health by Scott's Emulsion.

Green sickness is one of the forms of blood disease found in young women. The change from girlhood to womanhood often upsets the nervous system, weakens digestion and throws the blood-making organs out of gear.

Scott's Emulsion puts new heart into pale girls. It tones up the nervous and digestive system, and feeds the blood. It is a natural tonic.

Remember that 30 per cent. of these cases go on into consumption unless prevented. Scott's Emulsion prevents consumption.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.



The strongest castle could be reduced by siege if the garrison could be starved out. The strongest body has to give up the fight when starvation weakens it. There are more deaths from starvation than the world dreams of. When the stomach is diseased and the food eaten is not digested and assimilated, then the strength of the body begins to fail because of lack of nutrition, and the weak body falls an easy victim to the microbes of disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores physical strength in the only possible way, by enabling the assimilation of the nutrition contained in food.

"I was sick for over three years with a complication of stomach troubles," writes Mr. John H. Caston, residing at 292 Arch St., Chicago, Illinois. "I had tried every good physician I knew of, as well as many patent medicines, but received only temporary relief. One day a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I immediately procured some and began its use. Commenced to gain the first week and after I had taken only one bottle I could eat as well as any one and was experiencing all the benefits I look for in a healthy and happy life. I am now as well and healthy as any one could be. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains. You lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the book, or pay in cash, or thirty-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

hated "infidels." Hurriedly but coolly the English officers gave their orders, and as soon as the motley cavalry came within range, rider after rider found the paradise of his faith by death in battle. But Maxim and Mauser balls might have been paper pellets, so far as any deterrent effect on the oncoming mob was concerned. Yelling and brandishing spear and gun, they hurled themselves upon the doomed column, which now had formed a hollow square behind a gleaming line of bayonets. The picture is easy to imagine. It is a commonplace view of Tommy Atkins and his smart comrade. Borne down by sheer force of numbers, the men of the square are massacred. The dead numbered ten officers and 180 soldiers.

"Some one had blundered," as at Balaklava. What was a handful of British soldiers doing isolated and unsupported in the stronghold of the new mahdi? The British war minister should have known that it would take fighters of the line, and plenty of them, to bag the Mad Muldah. Did the fate of Gordon teach no lesson? When this last howling dervish went on the rampage and emboldened his followers by his first successful reinforcements were ordered to Manning in Somaliland from India, but later the order was countermanded. The British defensive force has been shamefully inadequate—better, criminally inadequate. The wonder is it has succeeded in almost holding the Muldah at bay all winter.—Atlanta Constitution.

### MR. CLEVELAND AND THE PRESIDENCY.

(From The World's Work.)

There is a strange persistence shown by some who have forgotten our political history and do not know public feeling, in regarding Mr. Cleveland as a possible Democratic candidate for the presidency next year. If anything be certain in politics, it is certain that no man can be elected President who has twice held the office. That no man shall have a third presidential term became a fixed law when Washington declined a third term. Those who forgot this law were reminded of it when a stubborn effort was made to nominate General Grant for a third term.

Furthermore, few things are more certain than the unpopularity of Mr. Cleveland among the managers of his own party. Although he is the only Democrat who has occupied the White House in more than forty years, and although he made a permanent place for himself in our history, his party would not now have him. Southern Democrats, who are now the dominant part of the party, although they may have drifted away from Mr. Bryan, have not drifted back to Mr. Cleveland.

Finally, if anything can be more certain than Mr. Cleveland's practical ineffectuality for a third term and of his unpopularity among his own party managers, it is his own state of mind as revealed by his conduct and his recent public utterances. He has neither done nor said anything that implied that he would become a candidate again.

It has been proved that he was the best candidate that his party has had for half a century; but to talk of him as a candidate again argues a paucity of men that is unbecoming to the great party to which he belongs.

### COULDN'T AGREE.

Prominent Episcopalians Couldn't Decide on a Name for Their Church.

There was a lively discussion at the April meeting of the Episcopalian club held the other evening at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, of the subject: "The Change of the Name of the Church." The speakers were the Hon. John A. Stiness, chief justice of Rhode Island, and Edward C. Niles of Concord, who favored a change, and Hon. F. D. Ely of Boston and Rev. Henry S. Nash, D. D., of the Episcopal Theological school, who believed that the word "Protestant" should be retained in the title. Judge Stiness claimed that the use of "Protestant" is inconsistent, because the words "Protestant" and "Episcopal" do not belong together, one being purely sectarian and the other implying adherence to the authority of the church, the government of bishops and apostolic succession. He said "Protestant" is undignified, as placing the adherents of the church in the attitude of "kickers." Judge Ely said he would agree with Justice Stiness, if it were any question of law, but that the fathers who chose the name of the church were men better skilled in the exact use of English than any of the present day.

Mr. Niles's arguments were almost entirely historical, and as antagonistic to the Roman Catholic church, he called for the title, "American Catholic church." Professor Nash said the only satisfactory title is either Apostolic church or Christian church. He favored the retention of the word Protestant as far as possible, affirming his strong belief in the traditions handed down by Martin Luther.

### GERMANY AND AMERICA.

We think the real nature of the sentiment existing between the United States and Germany was more frankly presented last night at the dinner to Baron Speck von Sternberg than it has been through any event or series of events before. The banquet in a sense was a disclaimer that should not have been needed, and yet, to a degree, was needed, of various little provocations and minor unhappineses that owed their existence to the indiscretions of a few subordinate and insubordinate officials in our naval and military services, to the fluency and cantankerousness of occasional politicians in both countries and particularly to the talent for mischief possessed and exercised by certain newspapers here and in Germany. The German ambassador did well in reminding the independent press of the two nations of the obligation which it owes both countries. That obligation is to endeavor to enable each people "to understand the other"—"to withhold the pinpricks and to display a spirit of mutual conciliation."

Baron von Sternberg's studied utterances are attractive in their blend of cordiality and manliness. His recent address in New England was exceedingly well taken. What he said last night was in the same vein, and we are sure it represented at once the views of his sovereign and the dominant sentiment of his people. As he says, the German and American are looking into each other's eyes, they are studying each other. What he has found the German to be in all lands, so, he would have us understand, the German is in his own: "I found him his neighbor's good friend but this never prevented him from being his neighbor's keenest rival. He always stood for fair play." The German ambassador frankly admits the prospects of future rivalry; but he reminds both powers not to forget "that our work is directed toward the same object—the perfection of civilization."

There was neither flattery nor defiance in this utterance; it was the greeting of a strong and friendly state. Mayor Low's reply was in a similar vein. He made no bones of the fact that Americans "feel strongly about the Monroe doctrine," or that they are sensitive as to "anything that savors of European interference with American concerns." But, as he well says, "Americans are not actors; the friendliness they expressed when Prince Henry came here 'they certainly felt,' and 'with-out doubt we still feel as we did then.' 'Not because we differ,' he urged, but 'because we both enjoy the supreme gifts of industry, of perseverance and of enterprise do we find each excelling in the same field as the other.'—New York Mail and Express.

### MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO TUSKEGEE.

Andrew Carnegie's munificent gift of \$600,000 to the endowment fund of the Tuskegee Industrial School for negroes will, as Booker Washington

has said, be appreciated by the whole south. Not for its generosity alone, but for the spirit which accompanied it.

It will be observed that Mr. Carnegie made this princely donation to the cause of negro education "with-out reservation." He had no theories to advance. Following the line of his recent Ferdinand interview, he acknowledges that the negro must work out his destiny here in the south, and, therefore, must fit himself for those pursuits which are opened for him.

With true philosophy he has given a considerable portion of his fortune to helping the negro along practical lines. He attempts nothing new—he is simply satisfied with the work Booker Washington is doing for his race through the splendid industrial school which he has founded at Tuskegee.

And so is everybody satisfied with it; the people of the south, as well as those of the north. He is teaching the negroes how to work. That is the secret of Tuskegee's success. Practical men like Mr. Carnegie, who laid the foundations of their own fortunes by the sweat of their brow, realize that it is in the field of manual labor that the negro must first begin to work out his destiny.

To better fit him for those callings is the aim of Booker Washington and his co-workers. They realize that when they turn out a well-equipped negro carpenter or brickmason or farmer or blacksmith they have done more for their race and for their country than if they had turned out a dozen "professional" graduates.

They prefer to look at the negro's case from a practical standpoint, and, therefore, to equip him for those things which he can do the easiest find to do and the better perform. They are not willing to educate him out of his sphere and turn him loose to graze where there is no grass. It is wiser, so they rightly think, to better fit him for taking advantage of the opportunities that lie in wait for him than to have him lie in wait for opportunities that are not to come to him.

Other philanthropists have expended their millions on universities for the "higher education" of the negro, and these universities continue to grind them out. But these same universities and these same philanthropists have failed to provide callings and opportunities for their "higher educated" negroes.

Some of them, it is true, have developed fields of usefulness; but even these few would find it a pretty hard problem if it were not for those of their race whose hands have been educated, instead of their heads only. It is these latter who are creating the wealth of which the negroes of the south are today possessed, and which, as the tax books show, is increasing from year to year. They are the ones whose success in life is founded on a more substantial basis, whose earning capacity is greater than the actual necessities of existence, and who are building homes for themselves, providing incomes for the lawyers and doctors and preachers of their own race and a future for their children.

Booker Washington's school deserves all the aid and encouragement it is receiving. It is a blessing to his race and to the south. It is providing the sort of education the negro needs and the only sort that will ever enable him to lift himself out of the quagmire of ignorance and poverty in which generations of slavery left him.

There is not an intelligent white person in the south who begrudges Tuskegee institute or its beneficiaries one dollar of the millions that northern philanthropists have given.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Neglected colds make fat grave-yards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

### BUILDING CONTRACTS.

The total value of contract awarded for new building and engineering enterprises throughout New England for the week ending April 29, 1903, (as compiled by the F. W. Dodge company of Boston, approximately \$1,725,000 as against \$2,433,000 for the corresponding week last year, making a total of \$26,914,000 to date this year, as against \$55,680,000 for the corresponding period in 1902, and \$31,441,000 in 1901.

About thirty-three per cent. of the contracts awarded for the week is for dwellings, apartments, hotels, etc., while three per cent is for mills, factories and other manufacturing buildings.

### HIS FIRST ACTIVE EFFORT.

Rev. O. S. Baketel preached yesterday morning at the First Methodist church in Manchester. This is Dr. Baketel's first active effort in this state in his new position as field secretary for New England in Sunday school work. He presented his cause, and a collection was taken up. Previous to his address communion was celebrated. One new member was taken into full church relationship, and two members were received on probation.

## The Evening Herald

A live local paper.  
Enterprising, but not sensational.  
HOME, not street circulation.  
Only one edition daily hence:—  
Every copy a family readers

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## LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.  
Pres., James McCarthy;  
Rec. Sec., "Mother" Connors;  
Fin. Sec., F. H. Thompson.  
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.  
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.  
Pres., Gordon Prible;  
Sec., E. W. Clark.  
Meets at A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483  
Pres., William B. Randall;  
Vice Pres., Harrison C. Horn;  
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;  
Sec. Treas., Arthur Brewster;  
Sergeant Arms, William Shaw.  
Meets in Pelcor hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.  
Pres., William T. Lyons;  
Rec. Sec., Charles H. Cogan.  
Meets first and third Friday of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.  
Pres., Stanton Truman;  
Sec., John Molloy.  
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 304  
Pres., John Harrington;  
Sec., William Dunn.  
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.  
Pres., Frank Bray;  
Sec., Brodard Hervey.  
Meets 3d Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.  
Pres., William Harrison;  
Sec., Walter Staples.  
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.  
Pres., John Gorman;  
Sec., James D. Brooks.  
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.  
Pres., M. C. Bold;  
Sec., Frank Ham.  
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, last Tuesday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.  
Pres., John T. Mallon;  
Sec., James McNaughton.  
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.  
Pres., Frank Dennett;  
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.  
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.  
Pres., Jere Coughlin;  
Sec., Michael Layden.  
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.  
Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;  
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Pelcor hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.  
Pres., Albert Adams;  
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;  
Fin. Sec., John Connell.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 3d Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.  
Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;  
Sec., James E. Chickering.  
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.  
Pres., James H. Cogan;  
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;  
Treas., Edward Amazeen.  
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

LAUNDRY WORKERS' UNION.  
Pres., Fred C. Horner;  
Sec., Charles W. Neal.  
Meets the first Friday of the month at Good Templars' hall.

PLUMBERS AND STEAMFITTERS UNION.  
Pres., F. H. Thompson;  
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WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the burial and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies, to addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turning and grading in the city at short notice.  
Cemetery lots for sale, also Loans and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richmond street and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, and sent to S. S. Fletcher at Market street, will receive prompt attention.  
M. J. GRIFFIN







## SPEAK OUT.

The Searchlight of Publicity is Pleasing Portsmouth People.

Publicity is what the people want. Let the public speak on the subject.

There has been too much claim—too little proof.

There is only one kind of proof for a Portsmouth citizen:

The experience of people we know.

When friends and neighbors endorse,

No question about such evidence.

This kind of proof backs every box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here is a case of it.

Mr. William R. Weston, of 1 Woodbury avenue, says:—"For a year or more I had kidney trouble, sometimes attacking me more severely than others. In every instance I had more or less dizziness, backache, soreness over the kidneys, pains shooting up between the shoulders or down the thighs and too frequent action of the kidney secretions. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block. Well, they went right to the spot at once. I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

centa. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



## LOW PRICES.

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Have you filled 5c. cigars are now  
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Quality counts. For sale by all  
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## THE CAR SICK HORSE

HOW A RAILROAD JOURNEY AFFECTED A HIGH BRED HACKNEY.

Bondre's Trip to the Horse Show and Why It Ended so Disastrously—Terrifying Ride in a Wheeled Box After a Month's Training.

The story of what happened to a high bred hackney when he was sent by rail to the Madison Square Garden horse show is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Bondre was the hackney's name, but he did not look at all dainty at the moment. The author says of him:

In his stomach was a queer feeling which he did not at all understand. In his head was a dizziness which made him wish that the stall would not move about so. Streaks of pain shot along his backbone and slid down his legs. Hot and cold dashes swept over his body, for Bondre had a bad case of car sickness—a malady differing from seasickness largely in name only—also a well developed cold complicated by nervous indigestion.

Tuned to the key, he had left the home stables. Then they had led him into that box on wheels, and the trouble had begun. Men shouted; bells clanged; whistles shrieked. Bondre felt the box start with a jerk and, thumping, rumbling, jolting, swaying, move somewhere off into the night.

In an agony of apprehension—neck stretched, eyes staring, ears pointed, nostrils quivering, legs stiffened—Bondre waited for the end. But of end there seemed to be none. Shock after shock Bondre withstood and still found himself waiting. What it all meant he could not guess. There were the other horses that had been taken with him into the box, some placidly munching hay, others looking curiously about. There were the familiar grooms who talked soothingly in his ear and patted his neck in vain. The terror of the thing, this being whirled noisily away in a box, had struck deep into Bondre's brain, and he could not get it out. So he stood for many hours, neither eating nor sleeping, listening to the noises, feeling the motion and trembling as one with ague.

Of course it was absurd for Bondre to go to pieces in that fashion. You can ship a Missouri Mocc around the world, and he will finish almost as sound as he started. But Bondre had blood and breeding and a pedigree which went back to Lady Alice of Burn Brue, Yorkshire.

His colic had been a sort of household existence, for Locklynne, you know, is the toy of a Pennsylvania coal baron who breeds hackneys not for profit, but for the joy there is in it, just as other men grow orchids and build cup defenders. At the Locklynne stables they turn on the steam heat in November. On rainy days you are exercised in a glass roofed tan bark ring, and hour after hour you are handled over deep straw to improve your action. You breathe outdoor air only in high fenced grass paddocks, around which you are driven in surecingle rig by a cockney groom imported with the pigskin saddles and British condition powders. From the day your name is written in the studbook until you leave you have balanced feed, all wool blankets, fly nettings and coddling that never ceases. Yet this is the method that rounds you into perfect hackney form.

All this had been done for Bondre and with apparent success, but a few hours of railroad travel had left him with a set of nerves as tensely strung as those of a high school girl on graduation day. That is why a draft of cold air had chilled him to the bone; that is why, after reaching the Garden, he had gone as limp as a cut rose at a ball.

### The Music of Thunder.

The bass of thunder is considerably lower than the lowest sound produced in an orchestra—below the zero of music, we call it, at which all positive apprehension of musical sound ceases and our senses are merely conscious of a roar. In observing the music of thunder our attention, however, may be most profitably directed to the expression rather than to the notes. The musical diminuendo is more perfectly represented by thunder than by any other form of sound in nature. After the first clap is over the ear will pursue with pleasure the rolling away and gradual fainting of the peal, until at immeasurable distance it sinks into silence.

### Was Man Made For Microbes?

Some contend that the earth was made for ants rather than man, since the former are so much more numerous. Others still, reading about how many million bacteria inhabit every cubic inch of air and water, are inclined to assert that the world—and man, too—was made for them. Each variety of living creature probably thinks everything made for it.—Baltimore Sun.

### Two of a Kind.

"I took great pains with that pudding we had for dinner," remarked the young wife.

"And so did I, my dear," rejoined the husband as he poured out a double dose of cholera mixture.—Chicago News.

### The Novel Reader.

Coddle—Whenever I see you, you are reading a novel. You don't mean to say you remember all of them?

Short—Dear me, no! It's because I don't remember them I like to read them.—Boston Transcript.

You can always find some one to agree with you even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.—Athenian Globe.

## EXPERTS WITH THE WHIP.

One Man Could Crack Off a Snake's Head at Twenty Feet.

"That crabbled old German, Schoppenpauer, who said the crack of a whip was like a drink from the bad place, would have found but little to complain of if he had postponed his passing for awhile," said a thoughtful man, "for the whip is getting to be an awful scarce article in this age. I suppose the whip will finally pass out of existence altogether unless it is put to a new use. Of course the small riding whip, the kind which jockeys use in urging the horses they ride, will be used as long as horsemanship is used."

"But the kind of whip the old German had in mind was of a larger, longer and older type, the kind the ox driver uses even now in some of the more remote sections of the world. Whips of this kind generally swing easily on the end of a long handle. Frequently the handle is eight or ten feet long and is made of hickory or some wood that is supple enough to bend in the green state. The whip itself, which is generally four and six plait rawhide, is from ten to fifteen feet in length, with a sea grass cracker on the end tightly twisted and knotted at spaces an inch apart. It is this article that makes the noise of which the old German pessimist complained, and a whip of this kind in the hands of an expert can be popped until it sounds like the crack of doom. In a quiet forest where timber men carry on their work this noise is even fiercer than it is in the cities."

"Teamsters in the cities still use the old whip to some extent, but it is gradually going out, and the sharp crack of the sea grass is rarely heard."

"Speaking of whips, I am reminded of the marvelous accuracy some men acquire in the use of whips. I suppose the Eskimo has reached a higher standard of proficiency in this respect than any other class of men. I have seen boys of this race pop a silver half dime at a distance of twenty feet every time they swung a whip. They can simply hit anything they want to hit as long as it is within reach of the whip. But here in the south I have seen ox cart drivers crack off a snake's head at a distance of twenty feet, and they could do it whenever it pleased them to do it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## APHORISMS.

He who flatters you is your enemy.—Cardan.

There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.—Emerson.

Experience is a keen knife that cuts while it extracts the catarract that blinds.—De Linod.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless oneself.—George Sand.

Hope is so sweet with its golden wings that at his last sigh man still implores it.—De la Pena.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.—La Bruyere.

It is better to suffer wrong than do it and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Samuel Johnson.

### Juvenile Logic.

The logic of childhood is frequently as convincing as it is refreshingly original. Mrs. L's little daughter is very much given to reasoning things out for herself and seldom fails to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Some weeks ago she gave a party to a number of little friends, and when the time came for them to go home she politely asked them if they had enjoyed themselves. All replied in the affirmative with the exception of one conscientious maid, who said frankly, "No, I didn't; I had a horrid time." "Did you really?" said the small hostess in a puzzled tone. "I don't see why. I had a lovely time; but, then," she added reflectively, "I suppose I ought to, 'cos, you see, it was my party."—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Getting to the Point.

John (sheepishly)—I-I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time?

Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I dare say I shall some time.

"I dare say I'll git married too."

"Oh."

"Praps we might both git married at the same time."

"Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the parson should make a mistake and marry us to each other?"

"I-I shouldn't mind."

"No; neither should I, to tell you the truth, John."

### Bagpipes in Nero's Time.

Bagpipes are generally ascribed to Scotland, where they have been in use for a long time, but it was an instrument upon which the ancient Greeks and Romans played. Nero is said to have performed upon it, and an old piece of Grecian sculpture represents a player on the bagpipes dressed in the fashion that is known today as the highland costume.

### His Only Comment.

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.—Toronto Moon.

### Mistaken Identity.

"I think I have met you before. Aren't you timekeeper for the Bloss & Goss company?"

"No, sir; I am a singer of topical songs and know nothing at all about keeping time."—Kansas City Journal.

## Wellington Jones, Free Lance

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McClure

John Malcolm Gordon, Jr., was alone in the house. The nursemaid in charge of him had gone to post a letter. As the letter box was only a few yards away she argued that so brief a journey could not be termed desertion. And it is not to be supposed that she was aware that at that particular time of night—10 o'clock—the broad chested, blue uniformed guardian of peace would see fit to linger by that particular letter box.

Linger he did, however. Therefore when Mr. Wellington Jones put his leg over the window sill there was none to gossamer him save a curly haired youngster of five. He looked at the sleeping boy.

"The young un's too small to give much trouble," he muttered. "I'll choke it out'n him if he squeals."

He was just putting together the last of the silver bureau ornaments when John Malcolm spoke:

"Who are you?" he said clearly, sitting bolt upright with that capacity for sudden and thorough waking which he had inherited from his soldier father.

Wellington Jones started, then he said coolly:

"None of your business, kid. Go back to sleep."

"You can't stay in my room," quoth John Malcolm decidedly, "less you tell me who you are and how you got here."

"All right," said the burglar, with mock humility. "I got in on what you might call impromptu stairs, an' I am a member of the profess—free lances."

"Free lances?" John Malcolm sat up straighter than ever. "Oh, I know what they are. They fight for their own hand. Daddy tells me about them. He never thought there'd be one in my own room. Did you come to tell me stories till Nina gets back?"

The newcomer threw a cloth over the things he had collected and strode over to John Malcolm's bed. The latter lay back on his pillows and smiled up at the "free lance" with an expression of welcome and good will. Mr. Jones,



"DON'T YOU SEE, ME AND THE FREE LANCE PUT IT OUT."

moved to sudden and unusual sensations, swore vilely under his breath, that being his only mode of expression. "You go to sleep immediately," he said sternly. "I'll tell you the stories 'nother time. I'm going to put out the gas, an' you jest keep as quiet as you kin."

John Malcolm sighed, but in view of future tales he yielded. The light went out, and, with his arms full of plunder, Mr. Jones slipped into the captain's room and, opening a fish net, began adding to his spoils. He was just completing his arrangements when John Malcolm sniffed danger. Not from the free lance—no, not—but from a thin line of smoke that wavered up from the open kitchen and filled his nostrils. He knew what that meant, and he tumbled out of bed. In the hall he saw a light shining from his father's room, and he nearly frightened Mr. Jones into a fit by a frantic, unexpected tug at his skirts.

"Help me," began that gentleman, dropping the net with a crash. But the young voice shrilled out at him:

"It's fire—in the kitchen—our kitchen! Come quick, free lance! Come quick!"

Wellington Jones actually yielded to the shrill command and ran downstairs with the baby at his heels. Some part of this was the soldier in John Malcolm. Some part, however, was the old instincts awakened in the free lance. He had belonged to a fire brigade in the old decent years, and the meshes of the bygone life entangled him at the smell of smoke and the cry for help.

At that very instant the captain was hurriedly letting himself in with a latch. He was greeted with a horrible smell of smoke and a ringing childish voice that shrieked gleefully.

"Oh, free lance, it's all out! How jolly!"

Into the kitchen sped the captain, and there he found his son and heir smutty, smoky and drenched with water, while near him stood a gaunt stranger whose three weeks' beard was as black as the streaks of smut that covered his face. The fire, a light

though very exciting one, the result of a match dropped by the absent maid, was out. Only a lady scorched wall and the charred fragments of a dozen cup towels remained to prove what it might have done unchecked.

"Good gracious!" gasped the captain. "You fighting fire, Malcolm—and Nina gone! Did she turn in the alarm?"

"Didn't need no alarm," sniffed John Malcolm scornfully. "Don't you see, me and the free lance put it out."

The free lance, who had his own reasons for not meddling with alarms, was glancing in great uneasiness around the room and cursing his folly in having answered the child's plea.

"Sir," said the captain, "I am more obliged to you than words can express. How did you happen in so opportunely?"

"He comed by the impromptu stair right into my room," piped John Malcolm. "I waked up and found him there. Wasn't he good?"

The free lance turned scarlet through his smut. The captain glanced at him piercingly. "Come upstairs, Mr.—er—Free Lance," he said shortly. "You will like to get some of that smoke off."

The disturbed Mr. Jones, bitterly regretting his kindness, went upstairs, hoping to avert suspicion by his compliance. But in his fear of the captain he forgot the accusing fish net which greeted them in the captain's room. It lay on the floor, the things spilled half out of it. John Malcolm checked his almost incoherent recital of the free lance's achievements and his own joy in the presence of such a visitor to call attention clamorously to the net.

"I see," said his father quietly. "Nina very possibly put them together to clean and then forgot them."

"Velly careless," said the observant John Malcolm, with a ludicrous imitation of his father. The free lance washed his hands and face silently. Then the captain held out his hand.

"Here is a purse, my man," he said slowly, "and if you want to earn more money in the way we all would rather earn it come back to me."

The relieved burglar glanced from the fish net to the captain. Then his good angel moved John Malcolm to yank his coatalls once more.

"Stay and earn it now," he commanded. "I want to hear the stories."

For the second time the other yielded. Thereafter to look men unflinchingly in the face the free lance stayed.

### A Crowd Panics Stricken.

There is nothing so infectious as a panic. Even the brave man who successfully resists it cannot help feeling the first chill of the fear that seems to clutch him. He sees perhaps no cause for terror, and even if he did he is not the man to lose his presence of mind and play the coward. Still, for one horrible moment he is the victim of an influence outside himself and entirely foreign to his nature, which seems to numb his reason and his courage and threatens to turn him into a shaking pinto or a frantic madman. With a fairly brave man this temptation to join in the riot of flight goes as swiftly as it comes. Others succumb to it altogether and do not regain their reason until their safety has awakened their shame.

A crowd that is so seized can only be compared to that herd of swine, also the victims of demoniac possession, that fled down the cliff of Gadarra into the sea. The fear has entered into them from the outside; they do not know what it is that they fear; they only know that they suffer fear, and they will perish rather than endure it.—London Spectator.

### As Business Developed.

"Put why," asks the lawyer for the defendant of the eminent handwriting expert, "are you so cocksure that your decision on this chirography is correct?"

"Sir," replies the expert with some dignity, "I have had the 's' examined by consulting my occultist, the 'p's by my gardener, the 'b's by my apiarist, the 'c's by a retired ship captain, the 'e's by a tramp that I picked up some time ago, the 'h's by a globe trotter who has done England, the 'j's by a professional bunco man, the 'k's by a scientific cheese maker, the 'g's by the best teamster I could find, the 'f's by a renowned musician, the 'i's by an elevated railway president, the 'm's by the president of the typographical union, the 'o's by three shrewd bill collectors, the 'q's by a Chinese savant, the 'r's by one of our leading importers, the 'v's and 'x's by a committee of bank cashiers, the 'w's by a green apple grower, the 'y's by a few members of a college faculty and have relied on my own judgment as to the rest."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "we have no further questions to ask."—Judge.

### He Always Looks Happy.

Joe Arnold felt very much surprised and bitterly disappointed when Harry Jones was chosen as the foreman of a new branch of a manufacturing firm for which they both worked. At first sight it certainly seemed as if an injustice had been done. Joe had been with the firm longer than Harry, and his work had given equal satisfaction. Why, then, had he been passed over?

A few words with the employer answered the question. "I am sorry for Joe," he said, "and would like to have pushed him forward. I know he is faithful and conscientious and that he can always be relied upon to do his very best, but he wears such a long face and worries so about every trifling thing that he creates an unpleasant atmosphere. Judging others by myself, nothing, I believe, attracts people more than a cheerful face and a general air of happiness. Now, this is Harry's advantage over Joe—he always looks happy, and as the business of the foreman of the new department will be largely with the public, he must be a man who will make a favorable impression at the outset."—Success.

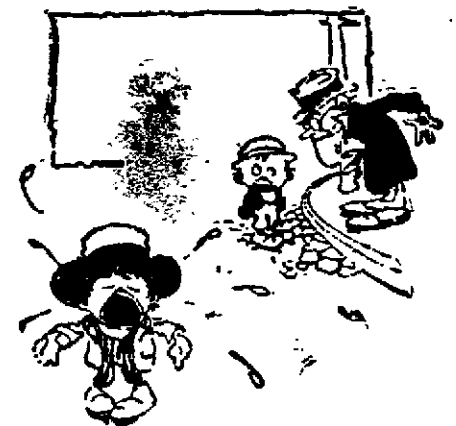
## The Small Boy And His Nose

Clarence's entrance to the kindergarten was delayed by a severe cold in the head. When he was finally able to take a thing at knowledge in her rudimentary forms, his mind was still blighted with memories of past sufferings. When the teacher showed him the picture of a man and put a few simple questions to him concerning the five senses, he could not put the painful thoughts entirely aside. Still his answers did credit to his native intelligence. He said that the mouth was to eat with, the eyes to see with and the ears to hear with, but when he came to the nose he fell down.

"And what is that for?" asked the teacher.

"To blow," replied Clarence, and he couldn't for the life of him see why everybody laughed.—New York Times.

### An Obstinate Case.



"Can't you make him stop crying?"

"Nope. I've kicked him and punched him till I'm tired, but it don't seem to do no good."—San Francisco Examiner.

### Another Bunko Game.

"Did you hear about Deacon Hawbuck falling from grace last week?" asked the neighborhood gossip.

"No. What was the cause of it?" asked the willing listener.

"A banana skin, so I have been informed," answered the neighborhood gossip.

"Oh, he slipped on the sidewalk and fractured one of the commandments, eh?" queried the party of the second part.

"No," replied the information peddler; "he purchased three green bananas of a train boy for a quarter."—Chicago News.

### A Reckless Culprit.

Bertie (banished for misbehavior)—Don't you think they'll give us anything to eat, Arthur?

Arthur—I don't know, and I don't care.

Bertie—Oh, Arthur! How can you talk like that about fruit and cake and ice cream?—Puck.

### Close Behind.

"The best people of this city are behind me!" howled the candidate for municipal preferment.

"You bet they are!" called out a quiet man in the audience. "And you'd better not stop in one place too long or they'll catch up."—Baltimore American.

### Couldn't Find Him on That.

Teacher of Night School—Thomas, can you tell me what a storage battery is?

Tommy de Kid—Yes'm. It's de pitcher an' ketcher what de cap'n brings out when de udder fellers begins to pile up runs on him.—Chicago Tribune.

### An Unjust Aspiration.

"Yes, our society's new president certainly is a busy woman, but they say she is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother."

"That is not true. I know for a fact that she manages to see her family almost every day."—Brooklyn Life.

### One Exception.

"Seeing is believing, you know," remarked the man with the ingrown quotation habit.

"Not always," replied the fussy person. "I see you frequently, but I seldom believe you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### His Good Natured Way.

De Broune—Is Fitz-Greene good natured?

Van Schmidt—Good natured? Good natured? Well, I should say so! Why, he laughs at his own jokes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Wretch.

Jim—That man destroyed all my married happiness.

Jam—What! You don't mean to say—

"I do. He married the cook."—Baltimore Herald.

### Looked Ahead.

"What interesting sermons you preach!"

"Yes. The time I should have been in a theological seminary I spent sowing my wild oats."—Life.

### Proof Enough.

"I say, Carleton, do they have very high proof whisky out your way?"

"Do they? Why, man, they run automobiles with it instead of alcohol."—Boston Herald.

### How He Pleated Her.

Maizie—The diamond in this engagement ring is awfully small.



# NOTICE.

To the Depositors of the Piscataqua Savings Bank, of  
Portsmouth, N. H.

THE LAW OF THIS STATE PROVIDES THAT, "IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF EVERY DEPOSITOR IN ANY SAVINGS BANK, AND OF EVERY SHAREHOLDER OF ANY BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION TO PRESENT HIS BOOK FOR VERIFICATION WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK OR ASSOCIATION, WHEN NOTIFIED SO TO DO, AT THE TIMES FIXED BY THE BANK COMMISSIONERS."

THE BANK COMMISSIONERS HAVE SELECTED THE MONTH OF MAY IN THIS YEAR AS THE TIME FOR SUCH VERIFICATION. I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO EXAMINE THE DEPOSITORS' BOOKS AND COMPARE THEM WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK, WITH THE OBJECT OF CORRECTING ANY ERRORS THAT MAY EXIST, AND FOR THAT PURPOSE I SHALL BE AT THE PISCATAQUA SAVINGS BANK FROM 9 TO 1 AND 3 TO 4 EACH DAY THE BANK IS OPEN DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, TO ME AT THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

RALPH W. JUNKINS, Examiner.

# NOTICE.

To the Depositors of the Portsmouth Savings Bank, of  
Portsmouth, N. H.

THE LAW OF THIS STATE PROVIDES THAT, "IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF EVERY DEPOSITOR IN ANY SAVINGS BANK, AND OF EVERY SHAREHOLDER OF ANY BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION TO PRESENT HIS BOOK FOR VERIFICATION WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK OR ASSOCIATION, WHEN NOTIFIED SO TO DO, AT THE TIMES FIXED BY THE BANK COMMISSIONERS."

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YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, TO THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT, IF POSSIBLE DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, AND SO AVOID HAVING A PERSONAL REQUEST SENT TO YOU. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

WENDELL L. PETERSON.

# NOTICE.

To the Depositors of the Portsmouth Trust & Guarantee Company, of Portsmouth, N. H.

THE LAW OF THIS STATE PROVIDES THAT, "IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF EVERY DEPOSITOR IN ANY SAVINGS BANK, AND OF EVERY SHAREHOLDER OF ANY BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION TO PRESENT HIS BOOK FOR VERIFICATION WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK OR ASSOCIATION, WHEN NOTIFIED SO TO DO, AT THE TIMES FIXED BY THE BANK COMMISSIONERS."

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YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE TO ME AT THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT, IF POSSIBLE DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, AND SO AVOID HAVING A PERSONAL REQUEST SENT TO YOU. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

SAMUEL R. GARDNER.

# BOWSER IS WORSTED

He Tries to Make His Wife Think Maple Sugar  
Is Made in June

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)  
THE Bowsers had spent a pleasant hour after dinner, he with his newspaper, she with her book, and the cat purring on the hearth, when a sudden gust of wind rattled the windows, and he looked up and said:  
"Spring is at hand, and I'm beginning to think of the sugar bush. We used to make about 500 pounds of maple sugar every year when I was a boy."  
"But you didn't begin to make it the 1st of May, did you?" asked Mrs. Bowser.  
"Always, unless that day fell on Sunday. Yes, father began tapping the trees on the 1st, and for the next six weeks we almost lived in the sugar bush."



"I HAVE BEEN TOLD BY MY OWN WIFE THAT I AM A JACKASS."

maple sugar, and I've known father to tap the trees in February, while there was yet plenty of snow on the ground."  
"Then your father was an ass, and I don't believe he ever made ten pounds of sugar."

Mrs. Bowser knew that she was right, but she thought to drop the subject and avoid a dispute. Mr. Bowser wouldn't have it that way, however. After a minute's silence he said:  
"I can remember one or two years when we were making sugar on the Fourth of July, but we generally ended about the 25th of June. What was your father wading around in the snow for?"

"To tap the sugar maples."  
"And did no one ever tell him better? He might as well have been looking for green corn in December."

"I have known of his making a hundred pounds of sugar the last of February," she quietly replied.  
"What nonsense. Come, now, but what is maple sugar made of?"

"From the sap of maple trees, of course."  
"You happen to be right about it, for

have been told by my own wife that I am a jackass. It may be true, but I would like to have the unbiased opinion of others before I believe it. As I may be gone a couple of hours or so, you needn't sit up for me."

It would have been useless for her to try to detain him. He had made sugar in May and June, and he proposed to bring back evidence to overwhelm her. He did not have to go far to get his first answer. He met a pedestrian between his house and the corner, and he halted him to say:  
"My dear sir, did you ever live in the country?"

"All my life till a year ago," was the reply.  
"Did you ever make maple sugar?"

"Thousands of pounds."  
"What time of the year?"

"February and March, of course. I'll bet the sap was running to beat the band today. You didn't think anybody tried to make sugar in July, did you?"

Mr. Bowser didn't call the man an idiot, though he felt like it. He turned the corner and applied to the butcher for information.

"Maple sugar?" repeated the man of steaks and bones. "Why, I have gathered and boiled more barrels of sap than you've got hairs on your head."  
"Was it in May or June?"

"Of course not. No one except a fool would try to make sugar in those months. You might make buttermilk out of your sap, but you couldn't make sugar. Have you been buying a farm?"

Mr. Bowser turned red and coughed uneasily and left the store without replying. There was a plumber's shop next door, and the plumber was working at his books as the seeker after information entered and inquired:  
"You know what maple sugar is, of course?"

"I ought to," smiled the man, "as I still own the old farm where I helped make the sweet years ago. Do you want to buy a hundred pounds?"

"No. I got into a little dispute as to the season. I contend that it used to be made in May and June."  
"In what country?"

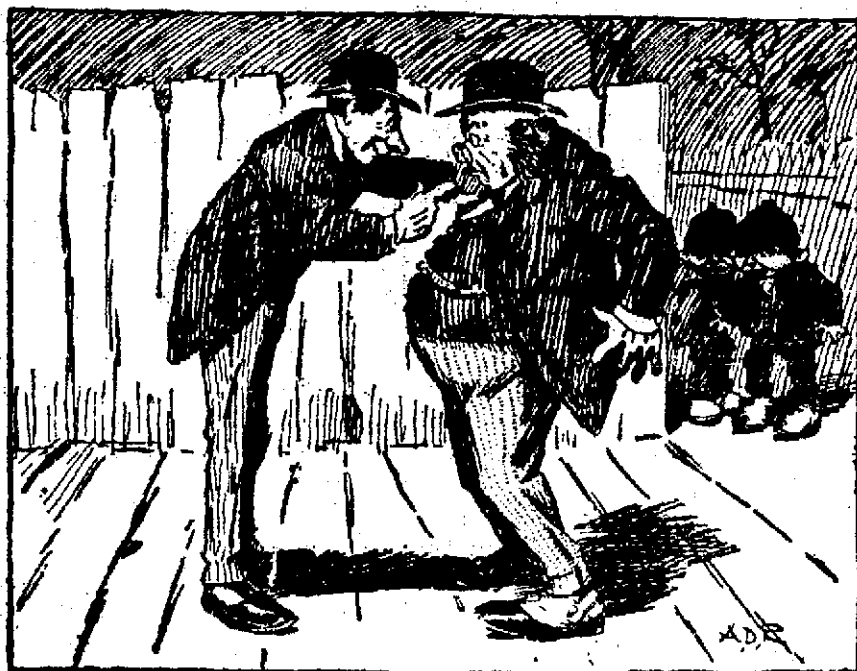
"In this, of course."  
"Well, I wasn't alive then. The people on my farm tapped the trees three weeks ago, and two or three weeks more will end the season."

"But it used to be May and June."  
"Yes? And geese used to have four legs, you know?"

Mr. Bowser got out without a row, but he was not at all satisfied. He stood on the corner for five minutes and then tackled another pedestrian with:  
"My friend, let me ask you a question."

"Well?" queried the man as he came to a halt.  
"Do you know anything about maple sugar?"

"By George, but that's funny. It wasn't over an hour ago that I had a dispute with my wife over maple sugar. She said it was made in February



"SAY, OLD MAN, WE ARE TWO ASSES, AND LET'S GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

a wonder, but isn't there just as much sap in June as in March?"  
"More, perhaps, but after about the 1st of April it has circulated all through the tree, and if you get any at all in the buckets it soon sours. It's when the sap is coming back up from the roots that it is sweetest. After the buds have started no one can boil the sap into sugar."

"What! Do you mean to say we didn't use to make sugar in May and June?"  
"It wasn't possible. You are simply mistaken about the time. The season is from about the 20th of February to the 25th of March. If it becomes very warm, the season is shortened."

"Then I am a lunatic and a fool, am I?"  
"No, of course not. As I said, you are simply mistaken as to the season. Any farmer will tell you that."

"Indeed! It seems that I have a living encyclopedia for a wife. Perhaps you can give me pointers on the planting of corn and potatoes. Did that wonderful father of yours sow wheat in January?"

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply, and after walking up and down for awhile Mr. Bowser started for his hat and overcoat.  
"Are you going out?" she called.  
"Yes, madam, I am going out. I

and March, and I said it was made in May and June."  
"That's exactly my case, and I know I'm right. Have you looked up any authorities?"

"I have and am now on my way home."  
"To prove to your wife that you are right, of course?"

"No, sir; to prove to my wife that I didn't know what I was talking about, and you'd better do the same."  
"But I say!"

"So do I."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Say, old man, we are two asses, and let's go away back and sit down."

Mr. Bowser found Mrs. Bowser still reading and the cat still purring when he softly entered the house. He went to the sitting room and sat down without a word, and it was five minutes before Mrs. Bowser quietly asked:  
"Well, did you find out about it?"

"About what?"  
"The maple sugar season."  
"What have I got to do with the maple sugar season?"

"Why, you contended that maple sugar!"  
"I contended nothing. I know nothing of maple sugar. If you feel that your mind is going, why don't you send for a doctor to find out what's wrong?"

M. QUAD.

# Old Fellows

In our everyday life as we go in and out, meeting many individuals each day, we should study human nature and make it a business to secure such applications to Odd Fellowship as shall be a benefit to the order and also a benefit to the individual.—Odd Fellows' Herald.

The order continues to move forward in Tennessee. Since the grand lodge session several new lodges have been instituted.

A number of new lodges have been instituted in New York recently.

Reports from many jurisdictions show there is great activity among the Rebekahs. They are rapidly increasing in membership.

Lodges should be careful in receiving members. Mental, moral and physical qualifications should be carefully considered by the investigating committee.

The grand secretary of Manitoba recently reported a membership in that jurisdiction of 4,167, a gain for the year of 303.

The Rebekahs of Canada have 101 lodges, with a membership of 6,500.

A way an active or interested member can be of great value to his lodge is through the effort to reclaim the delinquent or suspended members. His success in this direction means as much as and sometimes more to the lodge than securing initiates.

The Rebekahs of California made a gain of 1,770 for the year 1902.

The question of biennial sessions of the sovereign grand lodge is slowly but surely gaining strength day by day, and while it may fall for several sessions yet still its friends will finally rejoice in the adoption of the amendment. Let the agitation continue.—Texas Odd Fellow.

## KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Condition of the Uniform Rank in Various Jurisdictions.

The uniform rank of Knights of Pythias continues to flourish except in a very few of the southern states. In his late report the grand chancellor of Alabama reports: "I am sorry that, so far as I know, this beautiful branch of the order does not exist in this grand domain. A few years ago we had ten or twelve companies, but for some reason they became defunct, and no active company has existed in this state for several years. Nothing does more to build up the order than the military branch."

Arkansas, on the contrary, reports the military branch as flourishing. It is also at the front in New England. The grand chancellors of Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Washington all speak highly of the condition of the rank.

In Texas the condition of the uniform rank shows marked improvement. Some new companies have been organized and some dormant ones revived. The grand chancellor says, "My experience has taught me that the members of this branch of our order are most loyal and devoted, are always ready and willing to make any reasonable sacrifice because of their zeal, enthusiasm and love for the order."

Interest in the military branch of the order is fostered by the maintenance of a uniform rank committee in Minnesota, Indiana, California, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Missouri, Virginia, Kansas, Oregon, Louisiana, Illinois, New York, Kentucky and the District of Columbia.

Iowa pays the mileage of companies attending the encampment when the grand lodge convenes. Montana gives \$250 in prizes every year, Georgia gives an annual drill, and Vermont seats the colonel of the uniform rank, and in his absence the lieutenant colonel, as a voting member of the grand lodge.

## MACCABEES.

Notes of the Order From Various Jurisdictions.

The tents of West Virginia are doing good work. Class initiations have been frequent of late in the Panhandle State and many new members secured.

From almost every jurisdiction come reports of class initiations and an increase in membership.

The prospects are bright for a membership of 15,000 in Missouri by the end of the year. There are now 12,000 members in Missouri.

Duluth tent continues to hold the lead in Minnesota. It recently passed the 600 mark.

A Maccabee officers' association has been organized in Minneapolis. The object of the association is to promote the best interests of the order and devise ways and means to prevent suspensions.

Recent reports show the uniform rank is increasing in membership.

United Workmen.  
Do not lapse, as that means a higher rate when you re-enter the fold. South Dakota still remains ahead of Iowa in the contest between these two jurisdictions.

The numerous applications in March indicate a healthy growth in the way of increase.

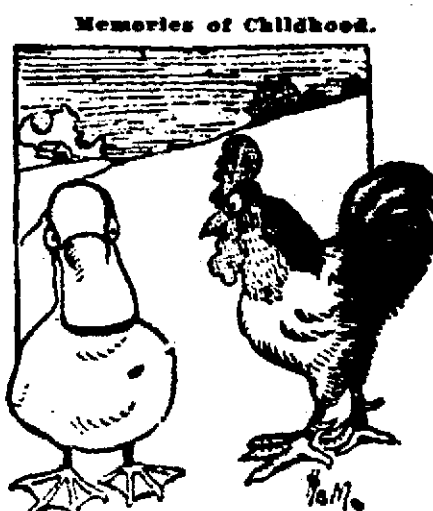
Grand total beneficiary fund disbursed by the order from organization to Feb. 1 was \$125,083,061.20.

Woodmen of the World.  
The Woodmen of the World are increasing in membership at a very rapid rate.

Buffalo is to be the state headquarters of the order in New York, and it is expected that the order will have at least 5,000 members in that city by the end of this year.



"So you asked old Crusty for his daughter, eh? How did you come out?"  
"Through the window!"—New York Journal.



The Rooster—What? You're my long lost brother? Get out!

The Duck—Sure, I am! Don't you remember when I tried to teach you to swim and you were afraid of the water?—San Francisco Examiner.

## A Paradox.



Poll—Auntie is getting quite a paradox, isn't she?  
Moll—How do you mean?

Poll—Why, she's putting on flesh and running to waist at the same time.

## Inviting.



Giraffe—Come in and have a swim. Monk—Is it deep?  
Giraffe—No. Just up to my neck.—Chicago News.

## Nothing Lost.



Freddie—You said you'd bring me some candy if I'd be good.

Uncle—Y'm sorry, Freddie, but I forgot all about it.

Freddie—Well, I'm glad I forgot to be good.—San Francisco Examiner.

## A Welcome Caller.



The Caller—What did your sister say when you told her I was here?  
Dorothy—I can't tell you, 'cause mamma sez it's unadvisable to say "Dorothy the luck!"—New York Journal.

# PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

SEE CHAPTER NO. 1, L. C. R.

Meets at Hall, Pease Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Harrison, Noble Chief; Fred Haber, Vice Chief; William Hampshire, High Priest; Frank H. Malcom, Venerable Herald; George F. Knight, Sr. Har-ald; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of E.; Fred Gardner, E. of E.; C. W. Hanson, O. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 2, O. U. A. D.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, High St. and Third Thursday of each month.

Officers—C. W. Hanson, Councilor; John Hooper, Vice Councilor; W. Ham P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Charles R. Odiorne, Inductus; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jensen, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Herwan, Edward Clapp, W. F. Gardner.

# THE REVERE HOUSE



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